

Freedy Johnston, Evie's Garden

In the middle of Evie's garden
Was a rock she could never move
Worn away by a faithful handtill
No one knows the date

Chorus:
Bring back the rain
We'll go walking
Bring back the wind
Like you do

Of the flowers in Evie's garden
One would never go out of bloom
Planted over a well forgotten
Opened by the moon.

Chorus

Bring back the rain
To Evie's garden
I'm at the gate
Looking through

In the middle of Evie's garden
Was a rock she could never move
Nearly buried in a night bloom tango
Pale and smooth as skin